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WORD PICTURES

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I.

Word Pictures,

AND

HOW TO PAINT THEM.

BY

J. Watson Rusk.

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Painting Word Pictures.

This is our definition of Reading and Speaking. In silent reading we paint the picture on our own minds, and when we read aloud we paint it on the minds of our hearers. Reading is not wholly a Science but an Art as well, and we find as few masters of the art of reading as of painting. Not one person in a thousand can even read fairly. Our teachers in the primary departments of our schools, just where the greatest care should be used in forming correct habits of speech, for the most part, cannot read even intelligibly themselves. And how can we expect to find their pupils good readers?

What are the Requisites of a Speaker or Reader?

First. A trained Voice and Ear.
Second. Power of Conception.
Third. Artistic taste, and Common Sense.

Some may say, their voice is so bad it can't be trained. This is a mistake, the voice can be developed as well as any part of the body physically so can the power of conception, and the faculty of hearing. The directions on the printed page cannot supply the place of the living teacher; yet we can improve much by close observation, and practice.

Let us take for example, a stanza or two from a poem, whose lines are familiar to almost every pupil in our schools, "Maud Muller" and see if we can get a picture from the words.

"Maud Muller, on a summer day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay;

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty, and rustic health:
Singing she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree."

Now it does not take a very lively stretch of the imagination to get a picture fixed on our mind. In the first place, we have a 'rural maiden,' glowing with rustic beauty, the result of healthful exercise in the open air, wearing a torn hat, a rake in her hands, singing while she worked, as light hearted as the mocking bird, that re-echoed her song from the neighboring tree. We can see her suspend her work and "glance to the far off town" and as she thinks her lot in life hard, compared with those who live there, she wishes that she might have the superior happiness she feels sure they must enjoy.

Then we see

"The Judge ride slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane."

and seeing Maude, and admiring her simple beauty, stop his horse, and for the want of some better excuse to speak to her,

"Ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow, across the road."

If we follow the poem through we have a picture far superior to one the artist can put on canvas. Ours is a succession of pictures, like a panorama, constantly changing, and we not only see living figures but with the mind we can interpret their thoughts.

After we get the picture on our mind, the next step is to paint it on the minds of others. This requires principles, a knowledge of which is essential.

Respiration.

One of the first things to be learned in reading or speaking is, *How to breathe.* Some may think this a matter of minor importance, but it has a vital bearing not only on our speech, but upon the whole physical system. Inhale *always* through the *nostrils; never* through the *mouth.*

The nostrils have a suitable lining for catching minute particles of dust, and other irritating matter found in the air, thus preventing it from entering the delicate air cells of the lungs, and laying the foundation of disease. In breathing through the mouth, this matter is not obstructed, and the moisture that nature furnishes to keep the vocal organs flexible is dried up, and the consequence is hoarseness, and disease of the vocal organs.

If you value health and a good voice, *breathe through the nostrils*; make it a fixed habit.

The air is the great vitalizer of the whole system, and as it is free to all, use it not sparingly by filling only a part of the lungs at each inspiration, but fill them full, especially the lower air cells.

Sound

We have three kinds of sound in our language, *VOCAL, ASPIRATE* and *SUB-VOCAL.*

Vocal sound is produced by vibrations of the vocal chords, and this wonderful little instrument is so constructed that almost an endless variety of sounds can be formed by it, from a distant echo to a thundering orotund, and from the roar of a lion to the warbling of the smallest feathered songster.

ASPIRATE SOUND is air articulated, by the lips, tongue, teeth and other parts of the mouth.

SUB-VOCAL sound is a combination of vocal and aspirate sound.

Pitch.

PITCH is the elevation or depression of the voice; and depends for its changes upon the tension of the vocal chords. If drawn tight we have high pitch, and if lax, low pitch. Be careful in giving high pitch that you do not use too much force.

Examples in High Pitch.

'I come, I come! ye have called me long,
I come o'er the mountains with light and song.'

'Go ring the bells, and fire the guns,
And fling the starry banners out;
Shout *Freedom*, till your lisping ones
Give back their cradle shout.'

'Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again.
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free.'

High pitch is used to express animated and joyous feelings and extreme pain, grief and fear.

Medial pitch.

Medial pitch is that used when the voice is neither above or below its ordinary speaking key. It is used in all unimpassioned utterances, as

'It was the time when lillies blow,
And clouds were highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.'

LOW PITCH.

Low pitch is that used when the voice falls below the ordinary speaking key, and is used to express thoughts that are grand, sublime, awful, and heroic.

O THOU eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight;
Thou only God! There is no God beside!

Example for practice, from low to high pitch.

(Begin at bottom and read up.)

On!
OL Stanley!
Charge!
Charge Chester!
Victory!
He shook the fragment of his blade and shouted
With dying hand above his head

Volume.

As pitch depends for its changes upon the rapidity of the vibrations, volume depends on their breadth or amplitude. If we tap a drum head gently the extent of the vibrations are slight, and the sound correspondingly gentle, and as we increase the force of the blow, so we increase the volume of the sound.

GENTLE VOLUME.

'Softly woo away her breath, gentle death.'

'Step softly, and speak low, for the year is dying.'

MEDIAL VOLUME.

'Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow, sweet with hay.
Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty, and rustic health.

LOUD VOLUME.

'Forward the Light Brigade. Charge for the Guns.'
'Roll on thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll.

We can produce the greatest amount of volume below medial pitch. If one uses too great force above medial pitch, the tone is not pure, but is impure, harsh and discordant.

Quality.

Quality refers to the kind of tone. We use the Liquid, Orotund, Aspirate, Guttural and Tremulous. These tones may be compared to the colors used by the artist in painting.

LIQUID TONE.

The Liquid, as its name indicates, is a smooth flowing sound, used with medial pitch, volume and time, nothing in any of its modulations harsh, or abrupt in any way. It is used to express peace, love simple narration, and all the gentler emotions, as

'I have nothing to say to you dearest,
Nothing that I can write,
For all the word I had to send
I sent by the post to-night.'

'Is this a time to be gloomy and sad,
When our mother Nature laughs around,
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground.'

'The essay, the drama, the novel, have a most extensive and powerful influence upon the moral feelings and character of the age.'

Orotund

The orotund is the liquid intensified, more round, solid and full. It is used to express dignity, grandeur, solemnity, sublimity and reverence. The orotund is seldom found in persons habitually but comes by cultivation and training. It is one of the most commanding and impressive tones we use. It should be at the command of every one whose office it is to read or speak in public.

"Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!"he said.
Into the valley of death,
Rode the six hundred."

'Now' the flag-sergeant cried,
"Though death and hell betide,
Let the whole nation see
If we are fit to be free
In this land; or bound
Down, like the whining hound,–
Bound with red stripes of pain
In our cold chains again!"
Oh! what a shout there went
From the black regiment!

Aspirate

Aspirate tone is, as its name indicates, a whispered utterance. It is used to express fear, secrecy, terror, revenge &c.

"While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips '*the foe, they come! they come!*" or "Be quiet, listen, I hear them.

Guttural

The guttural is a rough, harsh tone given on low pitch with the vibrations uneven. We find a good example in the growl of a dog. It is used to express hatred, contempt, anger, loathing &c.

"I scorn forgiveness, haughty man,
You've injured me before the clan,
And naught but blood can wipe away
The wrongs I have endured to-day."
"Thou art too base for man to tread upon.
Thou scum! thou reptile!"

Tremulous

The tremulous tone consists of succeeding impulses of sound of greater or less duration, depending upon the feeling or person portrayed. It is used to express grief, excitement, pain, pity, admiration, or physical weakness, from any cause.

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span:
O give relief and heaven will bless your store."

"O I have lost you all, parents, home and friends."

"Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls as I do. I have ventured.—
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,—
This many summers, in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth."

Movement.

This modulation of the voice refers to the relative time consumed in uttering a word or passage. We will mark three general distinctions, Quick, Medial and Slow.

QUICK

"Away! – away! – and on we dash!
Torrents less rapid and less rash.
Away, away, my steed and I,
Upon the pinions of the wind,
All human dwellings are left behind.

MEDIAL

"A garland for the hero's crest,
And twined by her he loves the best;
To every lovely lady bright,
What can I wish but faithful knight?"

SLOW

"O thou Eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight;
Thou only God! There is no God beside."

Accent.

Accent is *prominence* given to a syllable or syllables of a word: and we make them prominent by the use of *pitch*, *force*, and *movement*.

To illustrate, we will use the word *ac*-cent, accenting the first syllable, you will notice that the vowel A in that, is given on lower pitch than the E in the last syllable; the movement also, is slower, and the volume slightly increased. Some think that accent is volume alone, but pitch and movement are equally important factors.

Emphasis.

Emphasis is *prominence* given to a word, or words in a sentence. We produce the prominence by the use of *pitch*, *volume* or *movement*. Sometimes we use only one of these modulations, and at others two, or the three combined, according to the degree of prominence we wish to give the word. If the emphasis desired is only slight, we suspend the voice for an instant; and if more prominence is desired, change the pitch, according to the sentiment of the selection, if of an exciting nature step up on pitch, and if grave, solemn, or impressive, step down on the pitch; and for still greater emphasis apply more volume.

Examples.

(Repetitions of a grave, solemn or impressive character require a stepping down on pitch, and those of an exciting nature require a stepping up. The first is CADENCE, the latter ANTI-CADENCE.)

If I were an *American*, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop remained in my country, I would never lay down my arms – *never*, NEVER, NEVER.

To *arms*! they COME, they COME.

But here I stand for *right*, for ROMAN right.

The charge is *utterly*, TOTALLY, MEANLY false.

We may *die*; die COLONISTS, but *never* SLAVES.

I defy the honorable *gentleman*; I defy the GOVERNMENT; I defy the WHOLE PHALANX.

Elementary Sounds.

There are forty-five Elementary Sounds in our language. They are divided into three classes, *Vowels*, *Subvowels*, and *Aspirates*.

VOWELS.

a, as in ape.	e, as in met.	u, as in mute.
a, " arm.	e, " term.	u, " up.
a, " all.	i, " ice.	u, " full.
a, " at.	i, " it.	u, " urge.
a, " care.	o, " old.	oi, " oil.
a, " ask.	o, " do.	ou, " out.
e, " me.	o, " on.	

There are fifteen Subvowels and ten Aspirates, but as the vowels are of greater importance in developing the voice we give only them. A vowel sound is one made wholly with the vocal organs unmodulated by the articulating organs.

These sounds should be practiced every day until the voice becomes round, solid, and flexible.

Conception.

Conception, or the power of painting a picture on our own mind, is an important part of our reading, and we should study to get a true picture there, before we paint it on the minds of others.

As our space is limited we will omit several of the minor principles of reading, and devote the remainder to selections for practice.

CREEDS OF THE BELLS.

How sweet the chime of the Sabbath bells!
Each one its creed in music tells,
In tones that float upon the air,
As soft as song, as pure as prayer;
And I will put in simple rhyme
The language of the golden chime;
My happy heart with rapture swells
Responsive to the bells, sweet bells.

"In deeds of love excell,– excell!"
Chimed out from ivied towers a bell;
"This is the church not built on sands,
Emblem of one not built with hands;
Its forms and sacred rites revere,
Come worship here, come worship here,
In rituals and faith excell,–"
Chimed out the Episcopalian bell.

"Oh heed ye ancient landmarks well,"
In solemn tones exclaimed a bell;
"No progress made by mortal man
Can change the just eternal plan:
With God there can be nothing new,
Ignore the false, embrace the true,
While all is well,– is well,– is well:"
Pealed out the good old Dutch church bell.

"Ye purifying waters swell,"
In mellow tones rang out a bell:
"Though faith alone in Christ can save,
Man must be plunged beneath the wave,
To show the world unfaltering faith
In what the Sacred Scripture saith:
O swell, ye rising waters, swell:"
Pealed out the clear-toned Baptist bell.

"Not faith alone, but works as well,
Must test the soul,-" said a soft bell:
"Come here and cast aside your load,
And work your way along the road,
With faith in God, and faith in man,
And hope in Christ, where hope began:
Do well, do well, do well, do well!"
Rang out the Unitarian bell.

"Farewell, farewell, base world farewell,"
In touching tones exclaimed a bell;
"Life is a boon, to mortals given,
To fit the soul for bliss in heaven:
Do not invoke the avenging rod,
Come here and learn the way to God;
Say to the world, Farewell,– farewell!"
Pealed forth the Presbyterian bell.

"In after life there is no hell,"
In raptures rang a cheerful bell:
"Look up to heaven this holy day,
Where angels wait to lead the way;
There are no fires, no fiends to blight
The future life: be just and right.
No hell, no hell, no hell, no hell!"
Rang out the Universalist bell.

"To all, the truth, we tell, we tell!"
Shouted in ecstasies a bell:
"Come all ye weary wanderers, see,
Our Lord has made salvation free!
Repent, believe, have faith, and then
Be saved and praise the Lord, Amen;
Salvation's free, we tell,– we tell!"
Shouted the Methodistic bell.

George W. Bungay.

Error in 2nd. stanza, excell, for excel.

LIBERTY.

Liberty, gentlemen, is a solemn thing–a welcome, a joyous, a glorious thing, if you please; but it is a solemn thing. A free people must be a thoughtful people. The subjects of a despot may be reckless and gay if they can. A free people must be serious: for it has to do the greatest thing that ever was done in the world—to govern itself.

That hour in *human life* is most serious, when it passes from parental control, into free manhood: then must the man bind the righteous law upon himself, more strongly than father or mother ever bound it upon him. And when a people leave the leading-strings of prescriptive authority, and enters upon the ground of freedom, that ground must be fenced with law; it must be tilled with wisdom; it must be hallowed with prayer. The tribunal of justice, the free school, the holy church must be built there, to intrench, to defend, and to keep the sacred heritage.

Liberty, I repeat, is a solemn thing. The world, up to this time, has regarded it as a boon—not as a bond. And there is nothing, I seriously believe, in the present crises of human affairs, —there is no point in the great human welfare, on which men's ideas so much need to be cleared up,-to be advanced —to be raised to a higher standard, as this grand and terrible responsibility of freedom.

In the universe there is no trust so awful as *moral freedom*; and all good civil freedom depends upon the use of that. But look at it. Around every human, every rational being, is drawn a circle; the space within is cleared from obstruction, or at least from all coercion; it is sacred to the being who

stands there; it is secured and consecrated to his own responsibility. May I say it?—God himself does not penetrate there with any absolute, any coercive power! He compels the winds and waves to obey him; he compels animal instincts to obey him, but he does not *compel man* to obey. That sphere he leaves free; he brings influences to bear upon it, but the last, final, solemn, infinite question between right and wrong, he leaves to man himself.

Ah! instead of madly delighting in his freedom, I could imagine a man to protest, to complain, to tremble that such a tremendous prerogative is accorded to him. But it is accorded to him; and nothing but willing obedience can discharge that solemn trust, nothing but a heroism greater than that which fights battles, and pours out its blood on its country's altar—the heroism of self-renunciation and self-control.

Come that liberty! I invoke it with all the ardor of the poets and orators of freedom; with Spencer and Milton, with Hampden and Sidney, with Rienzi and Dante, with Hamilton and Washington, I invoke it. Come that liberty! come none that does not lead to that. Come the liberty that shall strike off every chain, not only of iron, but of iron law, of painful constriction, of fear, of enslaving passion, of mad self-will, the liberty of perfect truth and love, of holy faith and glad obedience!

Orville Dewey.

EVENING AT THE FARM.

Over the hill the farm-boy goes:
His shadow lengthens along the land,
A giant staff in giant hand:
In the poplar tree above the spring
The katydid begins to sing;
The early dews are falling:
Into the stone-heap darts the mink,
The swallows skim the river's brink,
And home to the woodland fly the crows,
When over the hill the farm-boy goes,
Cheerily calling—
"Co', boss! co' boss! co'! co'! co'!"
Farther, farther over the hill,
Faintly calling, calling still—
"Co', boss! co' boss! co' co'"

Into the yard the farmer goes,
With grateful heart, at the close of day:
Harness and chain are hung away;
In the wagon-shed stand yoke and plow;
The straw's in the stack, the hay in the mow;
The cooling dews are falling:
The friendly sheep his welcome bleat
The pigs come grunting to his feet,
The whinnying mare her master knows,
When into the yard the farmer goes,
His cattle calling—
"Co, boss! co, boss! co! co! co."
While still the cow-boy, far away,
Goes seeking those that have gone astray—
Co, boss! co, boss! co! co."

Now to her task the milk maid goes;
The cattle come crowding through the gate,
Lowing, pushing, little and great;
About the trough, by the farm-yard pump,
The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,
While the pleasant dews are falling:
The new milch heifer is quick and shy,
But the old cow waits with tranquil eye;
And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
When to her task the milkmaid goes,
Soothingly saying—
"So, boss! so, boss! so, so, so."
The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,
Saying, "so, so, boss! so, so."

To supper at last the farmer goes:
The apples are pared, the paper read,
The stories are told, then all to bed:
Without, the cricket's ceaseless song
Makes shrill the silence all night long;
The heavy dews are falling:
The housewife's hand has turned the lock;
Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock;
The household sinks to deep repose,
But still in sleep the farm-boy goes
Snoring—
"Co, boss! co, boss! co, co, co."
And oft the milkmaid in her dreams,
Drums in the pail with the flashing stream,
Murmuring "So, boss! so! so."

J. T. Trowbridge.

BUGLE ECHO.

The splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying!

O hark O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elf-land faintly blowing!
Blow! let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying!

O love, they die in yon rich sky;
They faint on hill, or field, or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer—dying, dying, dying!

Tennyson.

KIT CARSON'S WIFE.

On winter eve, when cabins bright
With the crimson flash of the log-fire's light,
And the soft snow sleeps on the prairie's breast,
They gather—the frontier scouts of the West—
And, speaking sometimes with bated breath,
Of wars of the border, and deeds of death,
They crown their stories of reckless strife
With the famous ride of Kit Carson's wife.

For into a Sioux village, one day,
From Dixon, a hundred miles away,
A horseman reached the chieftain's tent,
Dismounted, staggered and gasped. "I'm sent
With sorrowful news from the pale-face town.
Kit Carson, the scout, is stricken down,
And before he bids farewell to life
He would see the face of his Indian wife.

She heard that story—the chieftain's child—
Her bronze face whitened, her glance grew wild;
She grasped her deerskin cloak, and felt
The pistols were safe in her wampum belt,
She uttered only a smothered moan,
And the scout and the chieftain stood alone.

Her pony snorted; she grasped his mane,
And the fleetest mustang that pressed the plain,
Turning away from the sunset light,
Sped like an arrow into the night,
And the flanks flung backward a glistening foam
As she headed her horse to her husband's home.

Oh, sing not to me of Lochinvar,
Or of reckless rides in glorious war!
But, oh! if ever perchance you hear
Of Sheridan, Graves, or Paul Revere—
Of all who galloped to deathless life,
Just speak the name of Kit Carson's wife.

The stars leaped out in the boundless sky,
And the girl looked up as the moon flashed by—
The terrified moon, in a terrible race,
Keeping time to her pony's pace!
She heard the hoot of the lonely owl,
And afar from the forest, a distant howl
Louder and louder, piercing the air,

Till her throbbing heart moaned a pitiful prayer;
For, grasping her pistol and looking back,
The Indian girl saw wolves on her track.

The foremost fell with a shot in his heart,
And his comrades tearing him part from part,
While the horse flashed faster over the plain,
With the girl's dark face in his tangled mane,
Over the trackless prairies, away,
Galloping into the new-born day.

The first faint rays of the daybreak dim,
Showed her upon the horizon's rim,
An armed band of her people's foes,
Riding as fast as the north wind blows,
With the flash of the sun on the leader's plume,
A signal that sealed the maiden's doom.

But the daring blood of a noble race,
Like flames in a gloomy forest place,
Flushed redly into her Indian face,
And she caught the tomahawk at her side,
A toy in the blood of berries dyed—
Swung it aloft, and, with panting breath,
Galloped full in the front of death.

Over each mustang every foe
Swerved like lightning, bending low;
Thro' the band, that parted to right and left,
A clear wide path the maiden cleft,
And an instant more she had passed them by,
And was riding alone into the eastern sky.

The terrified braves looked back on her there,
While the sunlight's glory over her hair,
Shone like a halo, wonderful, grand!
Had she fled from the far-off-spirit-land?

Had she brought them blessings, or a blight?
They shuddered and broke into sudden flight.

Into the streets of a cabin town—
Into the village riding down,
With fevered brain, and with glazing eyes,
And breath that fluttered in gasping sighs,
She still urged on the faltering steed,
That had served her well in her hour of need.
And the pony leaped as it felt the rein,
Galloped, staggered, and reeled again,
And just as it reached Kit Carson's door,
With work well done, and with anguish o'er,
Fell to the earth and stirred no more!

An hour later the great scout died,
His faithful Indian wife at his side.
She only lingered a little while,
And followed him then with a happy smile,
Together they sleep in the self-same grave,
Where widely the winds of winter rave,
And in summer the prairie flowers wave!

CHRIST IN THE TEMPEST.

Storm—on the heaving waters! The vast sky
Is stooping with its thunder. Cloud on cloud
Rolls heavily in the darkness, like a shroud
Shaken by midnight's Angel from on high;
Through the thick sea-mist, faintly and afar
Chorazin's watch-light glimmers, like a star,
And, momently, the ghastly cloud-fires play
On the dark sea-wall of Capernaum's bay;
And tower and turret into light spring forth
Like spectres starting from the storm swept earth
And vast and awful Tabor's mountain form,

Its Titan forehead, naked to the storm,
Towers for one instant full and clear, and then
Blends with the blackness and the cloud again.
And it is very terrible! The roar
Ascendeth unto heaven, and thunders back,
Like the response of demons, from the black
Rifts of the hanging tempests, yawning o'er
The wild waves in their torment. Hark! the cry
Of the strong man in his peril, piercing through
The uproar of the waters and the sky,
As the rent bark, one moment, rides to view
On the tall billows, with the thunder-cloud
Closing around, above her, like a shroud.
He stood upon the reeling deck. His form
Made visible by the lightning, and his brow
Pale and uncovered to the rushing storm,
Told of a triumph man may never know,
Power underived and mighty. "Peace, be still."
The great waves heard him, and the storm's
Loud tone went moaning into silence at his will;
And the thick clouds, where yet the lightning shone
And slept the latent thunder, rolled away
Until no trace of tempest lurked behind,
Changing upon the pinions of the wind,
To stormless wanderers, beautiful and gay.
Dread Ruler of the tempest! Thou before
Whose presence boweth the uprisen storm,
To whom the waves do homage round the shore
Of many an Island's empire! If the form
Of frail dust beneath thine eye may claim
Thy Infinite regard, oh, breathe upon
The storm and darkness of man's soul the same
Quiet and peace and humbleness which came
O'er the roused waters, where thy voice had gone,
A minister of power, to conquer in thy name.

Whittier.

LAUNCHING THE SHIP.

Then the master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand.
And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs.
And see!—she stirs!
She starts! she moves! she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel!
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

And lo! from the assembled crowd,
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
That to the ocean seemed to say,
"Take her, O Bridegroom, old and gray,
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her charms!"
How beautiful she is! How fair
She lies within those arms, that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care!
Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave, right onward steer;
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great,
Humanity, with all its fears,

With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate.
We know what Master laid thy keel—
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel
Who made each mast and sail and rope;
What anvils rang, what hammers beat;
In what a forge, and what a heat,
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope.

Fear not each sudden sound and shock—
'Tis of the wave, and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale.
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea.
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee.

H. W. Longfellow.

THE BAYONET CHARGE.

Not a sound, not a breath!
And as still as death,
As we stand on the steep in our bayonets' shine:
All is tumult below,
Surging friend, surging foe;
But not a hair's breadth moves our adamant line,
Waiting so grimly.
The battle smoke lifts
From the valley, and drifts [world;
Round the hill where we stand, like a pall for the
And a gleam now and then

Shows the billows of men, [hurled,
In whose black, boiling surge, we are soon to be
Redly and dimly.
There's the word! "Ready all!"
See the serried points fall—
The grim horizontal so bright and so bare.
Then the other word—Ha!
We snuff the burnt powder, we plunge in the glare,
Rushing to glory!
Down the hill, up the glen,
O'er the bodies of men;
Then on with a cheer, to the roaring redoubt!
Why stumble so, Ned?
No answer: he's dead!
There's Dutch Peter down, with his life leaping out,
Crimson and gory.
On! on! Do not think
Of the falling; but drink
Of the mad, living cataract torrent of war.
On! on! let them feel
The cold vengeance of steel.
Catch the Captain—he's hit! 'Tis a scratch– nothing
More. Forward forever!
Huzza! Here's a trench,
In and out of it. Wrench
From the jaws of the cannon the guerdon of fame.
Charge, charge! with a yell
Like the shriek of a shell,
O'er the abatis, on through the curtain of flame.
Back again, Never.
The rampart, 'Tis crossed.
It is ours, It is lost.
No, another dash now and the glacis is won.
Huzza! What a dust.
Hew them down. Cut and thrust.
A T-i-g-e-r! brave lads, for the red work is done.
Victory, Victory! [*N.D. Urner.*]

MACLAINE'S CHILD.

"Maclaine, you've scourged me like a hound;
You should have struck me to the ground;
You should have played a chieftain's part
You should have stabbed me to the heart.
You should have crushed me unto death;–
But here I swear with living breath,
That for this wrong which you have done,
I'll wreak my vengeance on your son,—

"On him, and you, and all your race !"
He said, and bounding from his place,
He seized the child with sudden hold–
A smiling infant three years old–
And starting like a hunted stag,
He scaled the rock, he clomb the crag,
And reached, o'er many a wide abyss,
The beetling seaward precipice;

And leaning o'er its topmost ledge,
He held the infant o'er the edge:–
" In vain thy wrath, thy sorrow vain;
No hand shall save it, proud Maclaine ! "
With flashing eye and burning brow,
The mother followed, heedless how,
O'er crags with mosses overgrown,
And stair-like juts of slippery stone.

But midway up the rugged steep,
She found a chasm she could not leap,
And kneeling on its brink, she raised
Her supplicating hands, and gazed.
" O,spare my child, my joy, my pride!
O, give me back my child, ! ' she cried.
"My child ! my child ! ' with sobs and tears,
She shrieked upon his callous ears.

"Come, Evan," said the trembling chief;
His bosom wrung with pride and grief.
"Restore the boy, give back my son,
And I'll forgive the wrong you've done."
"I scorn forgiveness haughty man!
You've injured me before the clan;
And nought but blood shall wipe away
The shame I have endured to-day."

And as he spoke, he raised the child,
To dash it 'mid the breakers wild,
But, at the mother's piercing cry,
Drew back a step, and made reply:–
"Fair lady, if your lord will strip,
And let a clansman wield the whip,
Till skin shall flay, and blood shall run,
I'll give you back your little son."

The lady's cheek grew pale with ire,
The chieftain's eye flashed sudden fire;
He drew a pistol from his breast,
Took aim,–then dropped it, sore distressed.
"I might have slain my babe instead,
Come, Evan, come," the father said;
And through his heart a tremor ran.
"We'll fight our quarrel, man to man."

"Wrong unavenged, I've never borne,"
Said Evan, speaking loud in scorn:
"You've heard my answer, proud Maclaine:
I will not fight you – think again."
The lady stood in mute despair,
With freezing blood and stiffening hair;
She moved no limb, she spoke no word:
She could not look upon her lord.

He saw the quivering of her eye,
Pale lips and speechless agony.

And, doing battle with his pride,
'Give back the boy, - I yield.' he cried.
A storm of passion shook his mind—
Anger and shame and love combined;
But love prevailed, and bending low,
He bared his shoulders to the blow.
'I smite you' said the clansman true:
'Forgive me, chief, the deed I do!

For by yon Heaven that hears me speak,
My dirk in Evan's heart shall reek!'
But Evan's face beamed hate and joy:
Close to his breast he hugged the boy.
"Revenge is just, revenge is sweet,
And mine, Lochbuy, shall be complete."
Ere hand could stir, with sudden shock,
He threw the infant o'er the rock,

Then followed with a desperate leap,
Down fifty fathoms to the deep.
They found their bodies in the tide;
And never till the day she died
Was that sad mother known to smile—
The Niobe of Mulla's isle
They dragged false Evan from the sea,
And hanged him on a gallows tree;
And ravens fattened on his brain,
To sate the vengeance of Maclaine.

Charles Mackay.

WASHINGTON'S SWORD AND FRANKLIN'S STAFF. *J. Q. Adams.*

The sword of Washington! The staff of Franklin! O, Sir, what associations are linked in adamant with these names! Washington, whose sword was never drawn but in the cause of his country, and nev-

er sheathed when wielded in his country's cause!

Franklin, the philosopher of the thunderbolt, the printing press, and the plowshare! —What names are these in the scanty catalogue of the benefactors of human kind! Washington and Franklin!

What other two men, whose lives belong to the eighteenth century of christendom, have left a deeper impression of themselves upon the age in which they lived, and upon all after time?

Washington, the warrior and the legislator!

In war, contending, by the wager of battle, for the independence of his country, and for the freedom of the human race,—ever manifesting, amid its horrors, by precept and by example his reverence for the laws of peace, and for the tenderest sympathies of humanity: in peace, soothing the ferocious spirit of discord, among his own countrymen, into harmony and union, and giving to that very sword, now presented to his country, a charm more potent than that attributed, in ancient times, to the lyre of Orpheus.

Franklin!—The mechanic of his own fortune; teaching in early youth, under the shackels of indigence, the way to wealth, and, in the shade of obscurity, the path to greatness; in the maturity of manhood, disarming the thunder of its terrors, the lightning of its fatal blast; and wresting from the tyrant's hand the still more afflictive sceptre of oppression: while descending into the vale of years, traversing the Atlantic Ocean, braving, in the dead of winter, the battle and the breeze, bearing in his hand the charter of Independence, which he had contributed to form, and tendering, from the self-created Nation, to the mightiest monarchs of Europe, the olive-branch of peace, the mercurial wand of commerce, and the amulet of protection and safety to

the man of peace, on the pathless ocean, from the inexorable cruelty and merciless rapacity of war.

And, finally, in the last stage of life, with fourscore winters upon his head, under the torture of an incurable disease, returning to his native land, closing his days as the chief magistrate of his adopted commonwealth, after contributing by his counsels, under the Presidency of Washington, and recording his name, under the sanction of devout prayer, invoked by him to God, to that Constitution under authority of which we are here assembled, as the Representatives of the North American People, to receive, in their name and for them, these venerable relics of the wise, the valiant, and the good founders of our great confederated Republic, these sacred symbols of our golden age. May they be deposited among the archives of our Government!

And may every American, who shall hereafter behold them, ejaculate a mingled offering of praise to that Supreme Ruler of the Universe, by whose tender mercies, our Union has been hitherto preserved, through all the vicissitudes and revolutions of this turbulent world; and of prayer for the continuance of these blessings, by the dispensation of Providence to our beloved country from age to age, till time shall be no more!

THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW.

Pipes of the misty moorland,
Voice of the glen and hill,
The drone of highland torrent,
The song of lowland rill,
Not the braes of bloom and heather,
Nor the mountains dark with rain,

Nor maiden bower, nor border tower,
Have heard your sweetest strain !

Dear to the lowland reaper,
And plaided mountaineer,
To the cottage and the castle,
The Scottish pipes are dear.
Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch
O'er mountain, loch, and glade;
But the sweetest of all music
The pipes of Lucknow played.

Day by day the Indian tiger
Louder yelled and nearer crept;
Round and round the jungle serpent
Near and nearer circles swept.
"Pray for rescue, wives and mothers–
Pray to-day!" the soldiers said,
"To-morrow, death's between us,
And the wrong and shame we dread."

Oh ! they listened, looked and waited,
Till their hope became despair,
And the sobs of low bewailing.
Filled the pauses of their prayer.
Then up spake a Scottish maiden,
With her ear upon the ground:
"Dinna ye hear it ?–dinna ye hear it ?
The pipes o' Havelock sound ?"

Hushed the wounded man his groaning;
Hushed the wife her little ones;
Alone they heard the drum roll,
And the roar of Sepoy guns.
But to sounds of home and childhood
The highland ear was true.
"Dinna ye hear it ?–'tis the slogan !
Will ye no believe it noo ?"

Like the march of soundless music
Through the vision of the seer,
More of feeling than of hearing,
Of the heart than of the ear.
She knew the droning pibroch,
She knew the Campbell's call.
"Hark! hear ye no MacGregor's,
The grandest o' them all?"

Oh! they listened, dumb and breathless,
And they caught the sound at last;
Faint and far beyond the Goomtee
Rose and fell the piper's blast!
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving
Mingled woman's voice and man's
"God be praised!—the march of HAVELOCK!
The piping of the clans!"

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,
Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,
Came the wild MacGregor's clan-call,
Stinging all the air to life.
But when the far-off dust-cloud
To plaided legions grew,
Full tenderly and blithsomely
The pipes of rescue blew.

Round the silver domes of Lucknow,
Round red Dowlah's golden shrine,
Breathed the air to Britons dearest,
The air of "Auld Lang Syne."
O'er the cruel roll of war-drums
Rose that sweet and homelike strain,
And the tartan clove the turban,
As the Goomtee cleaves the plain.

Dear to the cornland reaper
And the plaided mountaineer,

To the cottage and the castle,
The piper's song is dear.
Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch
O'er mountain, glen and glade,
But the sweetest of all music
The Pipes of Lucknow played.

Whittier.

THE SIOUX CHIEF'S DAUGHTER.

Two gray hawks ride the rising blast;
Dark cloven clouds drive to and fro
By peaks pre-eminent in snow;
A sounding river rushes past,
So wild, so vortex-like, and vast.
A lone lodge tops the windy hill;
A tawny maiden, mute and still,
Stands waiting at the river's brink,
As weird and wild as you can think.
A mighty chief is at her feet;
She does not heed him wooing so–
She hears the dark, wild waters flow:
She waits her lover, tall and fleet,
From far gold fields of Idaho,
Beyond the beaming peaks of snow.

He comes ! The grim chief springs in air –
His brawny arm, his blade is bare.
She turns; she lifts her round, brown hand:
She looks him fairly in the face:
She moves her foot a little pace
And says, with coldness and command,
" There's blood enough in this lorn land.

" But see ! a test of strength and skill,
Of courage and fierce fortitude,
To breast and wrestle with the rude

And storm-born waters, now I will
Bestow you both.....Stand either side.
Take you my left, tall Idaho;
And you, my burly chief, I know
Would choose my right. Now peer you low
Across the waters wild and wide.
See ! leaning so this morn I spied
Red berries dip yon farther side.
See, dipping, dripping in the stream,
Twin boughs of autumn berries gleam !
Now this, brave men, shall be the test:
Plunge in the stream, bear knife in teeth
To cut yon bough for bridal wreath.
Plunge in ! and he who bears him best,
And brings yon ruddy fruit to land
The first, shall have my heart and hand."

Two tawny men, tall, brown, and thewed
Like antique bronzes rarely seen,
Shot up like flame. She stood between
Like fixed, impassive fortitude.
Then one threw robes with sullen air,
And wound red fox-tails in his hair;
But one, with face of proud delight,
Entwined a crest of snowy white.
She stood between. She sudden gave
The sign, and each impatient brave
Shot sudden in the sounding wave;
The startled waters gurgled round;
Their stubborn strokes kept sullen sound.

Oh then awoke the love that slept !
Oh then her heart beat loud and strong !
Oh then the proud love pent up long
Broke forth in wail upon the air !

And leaning there she sobbed and wept,
With dark face mantled in her hair.
Now side by side the rivals plied,
Yet no man wasted word or breath;
And all was still as stream of death.
Now side by side their strength was tried;
And now they breathless paused and lay
Like brawny wrestlers well at bay.
And now they dived, dived long, and now
Two black heads lifted from the foam,
And shook aback the dripping brow,
Then shouldered sudden glances home.

They near the shore at last; and now
The foam flies spouting from a face
That laughing lifts from out the race.
The race is won, the work is done!
She sees the climbing crest of snow;
She knows her tall, brown Idaho.
She cries aloud, she laughing cries,
While tears are streaming from her eyes:
"O splendid, kingly Idaho!
I kiss his lifted crest of snow;
I see him clutch the bended bough!
'Tis cleft – he turns! is coming now!

"My tall and tawny king, come back!
Come swift, O sweet! why falter so?
Come! come! What thing has crossed your track?
I kneel to all the gods I know.
Oh come, my manly Idaho!
Great Spirit, what is this I dread?
Why there is blood! the wave is red!
That wrinkled chief, outstripped in race,

"Dives down, and, hiding from my face,
Strikes underneath! .... He rises now!
Now plucks my hero's berry bough,
And lifts aloft his red fox head,
And signals he has won for me.
Hist, softly! Let him come and see.
Oh come, my white-crowned hero, come!
Oh come, and I will be your bride,
Despite yon chieftain's craft and might.
Come back to me! my lips are dumb,
My hands are helpless with despair;
The hair you kissed, my long strong hair,
Is reaching to the ruddy tide,
That you may clutch it when you come.

"How slow he buffets back the wave!
O God, he sinks! O Heaven! save
My brave, brave boy! He rises, See!
Hold fast, my boy. Strike, strike for me.
Strike straight this way! Strike firm and strong.
Hold fast your strength. It is not long.–
O God, he sinks! He sinks! Is gone!
His face has perished from my sight.

"And did I dream, and do I wake?
Or did I wake and now but dream?
And what is this crawls from the stream?
Oh, here is some mad, mad mistake.
What, you, the red fox at my feet?
You first, and failing from the race?

"What, You have brought me berries red?
What, You have brought your bride a wreath?
You sly old fox with wrinkled face –
That blade has blood between your teeth.
Lie still, lie still! till I lean o'er
And clutch your red blade to the shore.

Ha, ha ! Take that, and that, and that !
Ha ! ha ! So, through your coward throat
The full day shines ! "..... Two fox-tails float
And drift and drive adown the stream.
" But what is this ? What snowy crest
Climbs out the willows of the west,
All weary, wounded, bent, and slow,
And dripping from his streaming hair ?
It is ! it is my Idaho !
His feet are on the land, and fair
His face is lifting to my face,
For who shall now dispute the race ? "

Joaquin Miller.

WOODCHUCKS.

(By a School Boy.)

Woodchucks is a very curious animal. It is made of hair and eyes and has two front teeth, and can see a man with a gun when the eyes are shut and bolted. I have seen a dog shake a woodchuck till both were black in the face. A woodchuck can snivel up his nose, show his teeth, and look as homely as I can without trying. They sit on one end and eat with the other. A woodchuck can get home faster than a gun can shoot. He is round all over, except his feet which are black. When eat they retain the flavor of their nests and seem to have been cooked without being pared. A fat woodchuck, when properly eat, is no laughin' matter. They come under the head of " domestic animals, " and think there ain't no place like home when a dog goes for one of them.

ROCK OF AGES.

" Rock of ages, cleft for me, "
Thoughtlessly the maiden sung;
Fell the words unconsciously
From her girlish, gleeful tongue;
Sang as little children sing;
Sang as sing the birds in June;
Fell the words like light leaves down
On the current of the tune–
"Rock of ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee. "

"Let me hide myself in thee, "-
Felt her soul no need to hide–
Sweet the song as song could be;
And she had no thought beside;
All the words unheedingly
Fell from lips nntouched by care;
Dreaming not that they might be
On some other lips a prayer–
"Rock of ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee. "

" Rock of ages cleft for me, "–
'Twas a woman sung them now,
Pleadingly and prayerfully.
Every word her heart did know.
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
Beats with weary wing the air.
Every note with sorrow stirred;
Every syllable a prayer–
" Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee. "

"Rock of ages, cleft for me, "–
Lips grown aged sung the hymn

Trustingly and tenderly.
Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim—
"Let me hide myself in thee,"
Trembling though the voice and low,
Ran the sweet strain peacefully,
Like a river in its flow;
Sang as only they can sing
Who life's thorny path have prest;
Sang as only they can sing
Who behold the promised rest—
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Sung above a coffin lid;–
Underneath, all restfully,
All life's joys and sorrows hid;
Nevermore O storm-tossed soul,
Nevermore from wind or tide,
Nevermore from billow's roll
Wilt thou need thyself to hide.
Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
Closed beneath the soft gray hair,
Could the mute and stiffened lips
Move again in pleading prayer,
Still, aye, still, the words would be,—
"Let me hide myself in thee."

THE BALDHEADED MAN.

The other day a lady, accompanied by her son, a very small boy, boarded a train at Little Rock. The woman had a care-worn expression hanging over her face like a tattered veil, and many of the rapid questions asked by the boy were answered by unconscious sighs.

'Ma,' said the boy, 'that man's like a baby, aint he?' pointing to a bald-headed man sitting just in front of them.

'Hush!'

'Why must I hush?'

After a few moments' silence: 'Ma, what is the matter with that man's head?'

'Hush, I tell you. He's bald.'

'What's bald?'

'His head hasn't any hair on it.'

'Did it come off?'

'I guess so.'

'Will mine come off?'

'Some time, may be.'

'Then I'll be bald, wont I?'

'Yes.' 'Will you care?'

'O don't ask so many questions.'

After another silence, the boy exclaimed: 'Ma, look at that fly on that man's head.'

'If you don't hush, I'll whip you when we get home.

'Look! There's another fly. Look at 'em fight; look at 'em!'

'Madam,' said the man, putting aside a newspaper and looking around, 'what is the matter with that young hyena?' The woman blushed, stammered out something, and attempted to smooth back the boy's hair.

'One fly, two flies, three flies,' said the boy, innocently, following with his eyes a basket of oranges carried by a newsboy.

'Here, you young hedgehog,' said the bald-headed man, 'if you do not hush, I will have the conductor put you off the train.'

The poor woman, not knowing what else to do, boxed the boy's ears, and then gave him an orange to keep him from crying.

'Ma, have I got any red marks on my head?'

'I'll whip you again, if you don't hush.'

'Mister,' said the boy, after a short silence, 'does it hurt to be bald-headed?'

'Youngster,' said the man, 'if you'll keep quiet, I'll give you a quarter.'

The boy promised, and the money was paid over.

The man took up his paper and resumed his reading. 'This is my bald-headed money,' said the boy. 'When I get bald-headed, I'm goin' to give boys money. Mister, have all bald-headed men got money?' The annoyed man threw down his paper, arose, and exclaimed: 'Madam, hereafter when you travel, leave that young gorilla at home. Hitherto, I always thought the old prophet was very cruel for calling the bears to kill the children for making sport of his head, but now I am forced to believe that he did a Christian act. If your boy had been in the crowd, he would have died first. If I can't find another seat on this train, I'll ride on the cow-catcher rather than remain here.'

'The bald-headed man is gone,' said the boy; and as the woman leaned back a tired sigh escaped from her lips.

THE PALM AND THE PINE.

When Peter led the First Crusade,
A Norseman wooed an Arab maid.
He loved her lithe and palmy grace,
And the dark beauty of her face:
She loved his cheeks, so ruddy fair,
His sunny eyes and yellow hair.

He called : she left her father's tent ;
She followed wheresoe'er he went.
She left the Palms of Palestine
To sit beneath the Norland pine.
She sang the musky Orient strains
Where Winter swept the snowy plains.

Their natures met like Night and Morn
What time the morning-star is born.
The child that from their meeting grew
Hung, like that star, between the two.
The glossy night his mother shed
From her long hair was on his head :
But in its shade they saw arise
The morning of his father's eyes.

Beneath the Orient's tawny stain
Wandered the Norseman's crimson vein :
Beneath the Northern force was seen
The Arab sense, alert and keen.
His were the Viking's sinewy hands,
The arching foot of Eastern lands.

And in his soul, conflicting, strove
Northern indifference, Southern love :
The chastity of temperate blood,
Impetuous passion's fiery flood ;
The settled faith that nothing shakes,
The jealousy a breath awakes ;
The planning Reason's sober gaze,
And fancy's meteoric blaze.

And stronger, as he grew to man,
The contradicting natures ran,—
As mingled streams from Etna flow,
One born of fire, and one of snow.
And one impelled, and one withheld,

And one obeyed, and one rebelled.
One gave him force, the other fire;
This self-control, and that desire.
One filled his heart with fierce unrest;
With peace serene the other blessed.

He knew the depth and knew the height,
The bounds of darkness and of light;
And who these far extremes has seen,
Must needs know all that lies between.
So, with untaught, instinctive art,
He read the myriad-natured heart.
He met the men of many a land;
They gave their souls into his hand;
And none of them was long unknown;
The hardest lesson was his own.

But how he lived, and where, and when,
It matters not to other men;
For, as a fountain disappears,
To gush again in later years,
So hidden blood may find the day,
When centuries have rolled away;
And fresher lives betray at last
The lineage of a far-off Past.
That nature, mixed of sun and snow,
Repeats its ancient ebb flow:
The children of the Palm and Pine
Renew their blended lives—in mine.

Bayard Taylor.

HOW SOCKERY SET A HEN.

Meester Verris: I see dot mosd efferpody wrides somedings for de shicken pabers nowtays, and I tought praps meppe I can do dot. too, so I wrides all apout vot dook blace mit me lasht summer.

You know—oder ofe you dond know, den I dells you—dot Katrina (dot is mine vrow) und me, ve keep some shickens for a long dime ago, und von tay she sait to me, 'Sockery,' (dot is mein name) 'vy dond you put some aigs under dot olt plue hen shickens? I dinks she vants to sate.' 'Vell' I sait meppe, I guess I vill.' So I bicked oud some uf de best aigs, und dook um oud to de parn wher de olt hen make her nesht in de side of de haymow, poud fife, six veet up. Now you see I nefer vas ferry pig up and down, but I vas pooty pig all de vay round in de mittle, so I koodn't reach up till I vent und got a parel to stand on. Vell, I klimb me on de parel und ven my hed rise up py de nesht, de olt hen gif me such a bick dot my nose runs all ofer my face mit plood, und ven I todge pack dot plasted olt parrel it preak, und I vent down kerslam.

Py cholly, I didn't tink I kood go insite a parrel pefore, but dere I vas, und I fit so dite dot I kood not git me oud efferway,—my fest vas bushed vay up undher my arm-holes. Ven I found I vas dite sthuck, I holler "Katrina! Katrina!" Und ven she cum und see me shtuck in de parrel up to my armholes, mit my face all plood und aigs, py cholly, she shust lay down on de hay und laft, und laft till I got so mad I sait, "Vot you lay dere und laf like an olt vool eh? Vy dond you cum pull me oud?'

Und she set up und sait, 'O, vipe off your chin, und pull down your fest;' den she lait back und laft as if she vood split herself more as ever.

Mad as I vas I tought to myself, Katrina, she sbeak English pooty good; but I only sait, mit my greatest dignitude, 'Katrina, vill you pull me oud of dis

parrel?' Und she see dot I look pooty red, so she sait 'Of course I vill, Sockery.' Den she lait me under parrel down on our site, und I dook holt of der door sill, und Katrina she pull on der parrel, but de first pull she mate I yellt, 'Donner und blitzen, stop dot, py golly; dere is nails in de parrel!'

You see de nails pent town ven I vent in, but ven Ikoom oud dey schticks in me all de vay rount.

Vell, to make a shord story long, I told Katrina to go an dell naypor Hansman to pring a saw und saw me dis parrel off. Vell, he coom und he like to shplit himself mit laf, too, but he roll me ofer und saw de parrel all de vay around off, und I git up mit half a parrel around my vaist. Den Katrina she say, 'Sockery, vait a leetle vile till I get a pattern of dot new oferskirt you haf on.' But I didn't sait a vord, I shust got a nife oud und vittle de hoops off und shling dot confounted olt parrel in de voodpile. Pimeby ven I cum in de house, Katrina she say, so soft like, 'Sockery, hadn't you better put some aigs undher dot olt blue hen shickens?'

den I sait, in my deepest voice: 'Katrina, ofe you effer say dot to me agin I'll git a pill from you, so help me chiminy cracious!' Und I dells you she didn't say dot any more. Vell, ven I step on a parrel now, I dond step on it, I git a pox.

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